

# Good Morning 618

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## L.S. STEVE McNAMEE, Here's Jean to Say, "Dada"

WE found young Jean just learning to walk when we called at 107 The Broadway, Plaistow, E.13, Leading Seaman Steve McNamee, D.S.M. Jean, said her mother, is coming on well, and she has recently learned to say "Dada" in a girlish treble.

For the sake of the other fellows on your boat, we hope you haven't been playing poker or gin rummy lately, for your wife tells us you are very lucky at cards. Sounds very suspicious to us!

Your wife had received eight letters from you in a bunch on the day we called, and it took her some time to read them all. They were, needless to say, very welcome.

Your mother and sister are quite well, and Tom has recently written from Germany to tell the family not to worry.

Your daughter was lucky enough to receive a gift from the British War Relief Society in America at Christmas, and we were also asked to report that Rosetta, the chicken, provided the Christmas dinner. She was a bit tough, we heard tell, but she went down well all the same.

Your wife is hoping that it will not be long before you are able to get back and follow West Ham more actively; that is, if you have any time to spare from looking after Jean.

## Love from Home, E.R.A. WALTER ASHLEY

YOUR brother John had just returned back off leave when we called at your home. He had been home with your Mum and Dad for ten days, and wasn't your mother pleased!

Round the fire as she sat nursing Blackie, the cat, your mother told me how John and Mary had been house-hunting, but they haven't struck lucky yet.

Your Dad was still at work—he has been working very, very hard of late. Dennis has been round to see your mother, and Eileen will be visiting your mother. Vera received your cable, and she sends her love.

We waited a long time for your father to come home, but he was still at work, so we had to content ourselves with a picture of your mother and Blackie, and here it is—we hope you like it!



# IT'S IN THE BAG— HARD CASH

TO-DAY I'm going to talk to you about a business that looks easy—dead easy. Yet—whooa, there! Go steady; because this is one of the trickiest ever.

Here it is:—

### THE MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

And why so tricky?

Because, brother, this is the business where that un-buyable, unpredictable and unusual commodity, A NEW IDEA, counts more than somewhat; in fact, it's everything.

I'll be able to show you the mechanics of the job—what happens as and when you do it. I'll be able to show you what has to be done and what must be avoided. But—

I can't tell you what to think. That depends on you.

(You may have noticed in this series that I keep insisting on the THINK-BUSINESS. Once you've opened your post-war trader's post, you'll realise that it's the mainstay of profits, clean profits. Think, think, and keep thinking. I'll try and point out the way.)

BUT, to cheer you up, here are the advantages of the Mail Order Business:—

(1) You don't need much capital to start. If you've got that RIGHT IDEA, from £150 to £300 will usually prove ample.

(2) You can get your hand in by part-time work whilst you carry on your wage job—in Civvy Street, of course. This means you can start with a smaller capital.

(3) Your overheads (rent, labour costs, etc.) are lighter than in most other businesses.

(4) You need carry small stocks only.

(5) You can carry on the business from any address—there's no need for special shop frontages, siting, and so on.

(6) If you're handy with tools, you can turn that hobby into cash.

(7) You can work under any name in almost complete secrecy—your neighbours and Civvy Street bosses need never know that you're trying to launch out for yourself.

(8) If you're not used to meeting people—it doesn't matter. If you're shy—it doesn't matter. You need never meet a customer; in fact, it's more than likely that you never will.

Okay! So far, so good. Now, let's take a gander at the various divisions of Mail Order.

They are:—  
1, Priced Selling; 2, Unpriced Selling; 3, Combined Priced and Unpriced Selling; and, 4, Combined Retail and Mail Order.

What I'm going to concentrate on in this article is No. 1, Priced Selling. I'll tell you something about Nos. 2 and 3—but they're not suitable for a beginner as they need considerable skill. That doesn't mean that you'll never acquire that skill. All it means is that you haven't that skill now—to-day. Unless, of course, you're what the adepts of Rolling-Them-Bones call a "Natural."

Those of you who have

been interested in my articles on retail trades might do well to take notes of Priced Selling by mail for future expansion of their particular post-war retail trade by this method. But to these blokes, a word of warning: Don't try Combined Retail and Mail Order until you've got your retail well under way. Don't bite off more than you can chew.

Maybe some of you, having got this far, will be saying, "All right, all right. But what is this Mail Order?"

Briefly:—

Mail Order Business means selling by post, having got your customers without using a shop to attract them.

In most cases you get your customers by Press advertising.

I know that the word "advertising" covers a vast industry in itself, but don't let that worry you. We're only going to use the fringes of advertising. So, here's Point One:

### PRICED SELLING.

This means, simply, that the price of the article offered is stated in the advertisement.

You've seen the sort of ad. I mean: Save Soap with Slicko; One Slick Whisk for Lashings of Lather. Post P.O. for 2/7 NOW to Slicko, Box 16, Anytown. Post Free. Money returned if not satisfied. Lasts a Lifetime.

We're not going into the technique of this kind of advertising now, nor are we going to touch on the kind of thing you might sell.

Instead, get the implication of that advertisement. It is this: It needs no "follow-up," it is self-contained, either the P.O.s come rolling in, or not.

This is unlike Points 2 and 3: UNPRICED SELLING, ALONE, OR WITH PRICED SELLING.

For this type of business the price is not stated in the ad. Instead, you say, "Write for FREE illustrated booklet," or "Fill in coupon." This applies to the higher-priced "lines."

Again, you've seen the type of thing: "ZIPPAX! Can You Speak English? ZIPPAX Teaches English to Foreigners the Fastest Way," etc., etc.

Or, let's say: "Let Me Be Your Godmother! Join my Charm School," etc., etc.

And—don't take for granted that any one of these appeals is phoney. On the contrary. Many teach the right thing to those who need it, from languages onwards.

BUT—none of these advertisements will price what they sell. They depend on the follow-on; that is, litera-

ture, leaflets, etc., and especially the selling "form-letter." And that's why I've told you not to bother about this at first. Because the follow-on letter is a matter of more than normal skill. So, first things first!

By the way—since I cannot analyse "selling letters" in this article—get yourself together a collection of this Unpriced Selling style. How? Simple, brother. Write in to the lot. Let them send you everything. And then, keep them by you for future study.

Remember, you can always write to me for advice, at any time.

So, to Point 4:—  
**COMBINED RETAIL AND MAIL ORDER.**

Once you would-be retailers have found your feet, the above notes might be of considerable interest.

But you must read what I say below about the THINK BUSINESS. Read on and see why.

Right—

In the remainder of this article I'm going to tell you about four things in this order:

### USELESS EUSTACE



"Now, don't go jumping to conclusions, Winnie! The young lady's merely called from the friendly society!"

First, the different kinds of Priced Selling Mail Order lines; second, how to organise your business; third, how to advertise; and, fourth, THE THINK BUSINESS. So here goes:

#### 1. MAIL ORDER LINES.

There are four major types of Mail Order lines. (a) Goods bought for re-sale, that is, to fill orders as received. Here you carry little or no stock—indeed, if you're buying from a warehouse or manufacturer you can generally arrange for them to despatch the goods, with your labels affixed.

(b) Quantity buying. Here you carry stock from which you fill orders as received. What's the advantage? You get a bigger trade discount. But—never go in for quantity buying before you have "tested the market." And never carry more than enough to fill an estimated three weeks' sales.

(c) Bulk buying. You buy in an unpacked state, and then package under your own labels.

(d) Assembly buying. Here you buy separate parts which you assemble into "kits"; for instance, a Home Carpenter's Outfit. You buy hammers, chisels, etc., in bulk, assemble together in a tool box, and sell as a complete outfit.

There's also the selling known as Club, Agency and Warehouse work; but don't touch this until you've had considerable experience.

#### 2. HOW TO ORGANISE.

Precisely how to organise your buying depends upon which of the above four types

**JACK TRADER**  
tells you how to  
make the postman  
knock more than  
twice

of Mail Order lines you choose to take up.

But there are certain other basic principles which must be followed if you are not to get in a muddle. First, get in touch with the main post office in your town, and they'll give you the full dope on how they can help you in bulk posting. Second, analyse your "key-ads," (see below) each morning. Third, clear your mail rapidly each morning; that should be your first job of work. Fourth, index the name of each customer, with date and what purchased. NEVER DESTROY THESE CARDS. They've got considerable cash value if you want some day to sell your business. Fifth, bank the cash each day as it comes in, keeping accurate accounts. Sixth, keep your account books up-to-date. You MUST do this, or you'll get stung by the Income Tax wallahs. Once your business starts to expand, hire an accountant to balance up quarterly or half-yearly. Seventh, if you trade under a name which is NOT your own, you must register the trade name (costs five bob).

Once you've decided what you're going to sell, I'll give you more detailed individual advice if you'll write and let me know your decision.

#### (3) ADVERTISING.

Advertising is a mighty tricky trade; but, as I said, we just touch the fringes of it in the kind of Mail Order I'm telling you about.

Get a scrap-book, and paste in it every Mail Order ad. you see. Study the other guy's methods. Do this systematically.

You'll find that Mail Order ads. have this in common: Simplicity of language; nothing is left unexplained; language is positive, not negative.

For instance, don't say "Send 2/7 . . ." say "Post 2/7 TO-DAY."

And always include the words POST FREE and MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.

The customer is impressed by what he is told, so tell it to him in the simplest, most forthright manner. Avoid anything elaborate; and don't try to be slick. It doesn't pay in this kind of advertising.

And remember the word FREE. If you can offer something FREE, you'll find you'll get more customers for what you're SELLING.

You must know how each ad. is "pulling." You do this by "keying your ads." Suppose you advertise in four newspapers. You "key" them Dept. A, B, C, D. Like this: "Post 2/7 TO-DAY to Dept. A, Jack Trader, Anytown." This lets you know how many customers you're getting from each ad. and which newspaper gives the best results. Analyse your post every morning as it comes in—and keep records in an ad. analysis book.

And vary your ads. If you keep on running the same ad. you'll find that the returns you get will grow smaller.

Sunday papers are usually the best for Mail Order ads., but the Saturday "Shopping by Post" that newspapers used to run are also good.

My advice to you is to start in your provincial paper. And, once the business gets under way, it would be worth your while to deal

(Continued on Page 3)

We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# Through the Dragon's Mouth to Romance

By Derek Richards

IN spite of all our dripping, we Service men who are trained or stationed overseas are fortunate in our opportunity to visit places which though remote and unattractive at the time, manage to imprint memories cherished long after the costs are forgotten; memories which may have been gathered with discomfort, but just as frequently founded on revelry interest or fascination.

By no means the least fortunate are those Naval Airmen of whom I was one, to be trained in the West Indies on the island of Trinidad. My memories of the island are shared by many hundreds of Naval personnel; we shared the excitement and anticipation when sailing through the Dragon's Mouth for the first time, and many have by now experienced the mixed feelings of the long awaited return to civilisation. In the meantime we lived at Piarcio.

Of Piarcio camp itself I recall one incident in the daily routine which was most comical—though not so enjoyable at the time.

At 04.30 hours, the parade ground was the scene of what I venture to suggest is the most comical of all Naval Parades. Some hundred and eighty leading hands were assembled in the darkness or by light of a tropical moon and mustered for the day's work.

If the moon was full one could see the state of dress or undress of the early birds; some would wear shorts and sandals, some pyjamas, some bell-bottoms, and some just bathing trunks. I apologise for not having taken with me equipment for flashlight photography.

One of the spots to visit out of camp was the world-famous pitch lake. In point of fact its fame was the only reason

for visiting it, for there can be few less pleasant places on the face of the earth.

An area of several square miles of black pitch, hot and barren yet undeniably impressive, if only through the knowledge of its eerie replenishment. (In spite of perpetual quarrying and amping of thousands of tons of pitch blend annually, the surface has remained at almost constant level for many years).

hundreds of occasions naval aircraft have fixed their position on this conspicuous signpost of nature.

Those who were fortunate enough to have friends, or wily enough to make friends, on the island had best chance of getting to know the customs and conditions of both white and coloured residents, and, above all, a chance of trying some of the local foodstuffs. In spite of difficulty of supply,

dents boasted such delicacies as Caroni oysters, fantastic chicken dishes served with sweet potatoes or yams, lemon pumpkin pie and paw-paws and of course, a brimming bowl of rum punch.

The natives had many rather less attractive dishes such as the soup which one Indian assured me was "Very good for keeping strong Joe"; it consisted of stewed fish heads and coconut oil or butter.

Corby cake, a negro delicacy, which varied according to the scraps that could be accumulated for the making thereof, was largely composed of pieces of fat and scraps of stale bread. As one humorist remarked on seeing this concoction, "The Scots call it haggis, I believe."

Superstitions like that of the "manitty," or swamp monster, and of the "Zoomies," abounded through all races and religions, but only a few were allowed to affect the progress of their daily routine. One strong belief which does frequently crop up is the negro servant's fear that to wash and iron on the same day will result in his "dying of cold in belly."

Of the native celebrations, two occasions in the year are most impressive; the fire dance of the Caribs, or sun worshippers and the reputed Mardi Gras. There is no black magic nor even trickery attached to the former, only a gruesome reality, which makes it all the more horrible.

Fifteen natives, undisputedly drunk both with rum and the hypnotic rhythm of the drums, which have been beating since

dawn rush through a blazing log fire, to the wild delight of the screaming onlookers.

Their sun god does not inspire much confidence in the victims, and when the time comes for their ordeal they are certainly good and scared; neither does he protect their skins, for although the after effects are not serious, they certainly get badly burnt in the course of their fiery journey.

The Mardi Gras, or carnival, lasts two days or more, and is an excuse for anything and everything in Port of Spain, the capital of the island. Somewhat restricted under war conditions, the occasion is still celebrated with the same hilarity—with rum at 4s. 6d. a bottle, there is little need for restriction in gaiety.

Dancing, singing throngs of bemasked natives parade the streets, and both by daylight, when vivid colouring makes the picture, and at night by eerie torchlight the scene is unforgettable. No picture, however can capture the tingling atmosphere of festivity, nor the emotional frenzy that these people enjoy and which white people consider to be barbaric.

Sundays at Balandra Bay, as beautiful a spot as any celluloid dream isle graced by Dorothy Lamour, sunrise over the Bocas, only rivalled by sunset over the Venezuelan mountains, the Cambean moon, as romantic as guide books tell us, and accompanied by the desire for someone to gaze at it with, all this is enough and more to make me forgive the heat, the insects and even the infamous "Piarcio Pie," which has be-

come a derogatory term for any dish disapproved of in the Air Arm.

Travel in war-time is not always fun, but it is certainly a most palatable form of education.

## QUIZ for today

1. Gules is a term in heraldry. fish's lungs, farmer's boy, artificial gem, kind of slipper?
2. What is the difference between (a) calamine, and (b) calamint?
3. By what two other names is the swastika known?
4. From what animal does mohair come?
5. How many stomachs has a cow?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Haematite, Diorite, Hittite, Magnesite, Bauxite.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 617

1. Rare metal.
2. (a) Anti-Submarine Detection and Investigation Committee, (b) lavender.
3. Born within the sound of Bow Bells.
4. Duckmole (platypus), and spiny ant-eater.
5. Prime Minister.
6. Galena is a mineral; others are towns.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



NEW cars will be on the road within three to six months of the end of the war, in the opinion of an official of the Austin firm.

When the Austin Company gave its first private display of immediate post-war cars at Birmingham, Mr. L. P. Lord, vice-chairman of the company, said: "If we had three weeks' notice of the end of the war, and could get hold of the materials, we could produce 10,000 vehicles by the end of twelve weeks."

"Prices will be about 50 per cent. above pre-war prices, though there is nothing definite that can be said about it yet."

The new cars—8, 10, 12 and 16 horse-power—are not very different in appearance from the pre-war models, but they will be a much more comfortable ride.

In all models seatings are softer, and quietness and "riding on air" have been the aim. Air-conditioning and wireless can be installed. For the first time, Austin are producing an overhead valve engine.

Yet Mr. Lord could see no easy golden future for the British motor-car industry.

"We think," he said, "that everyone—manufacturers, dealers and workmen—has to take off his coat and work as never before if he is going to survive, much less make a profit."



BOYS of Cardiff and Swansea take a bow. You belong to towns with the finest civic pride in Britain. Who said so? Mr. Jacob Crane, an American housing expert, who has been touring the country to see what housing is like in the big towns. Cardiff had the best civic centre he saw, he declared.

It is reputed to be the finest in Europe. Swansea, he pointed out, was making the best plans to take advantage of its beautiful setting along the great arc of beach. What about the coal towns of South Wales? he asked. Not worse than some coal towns in the U.S.A. But, like the American ones, they needed to be started all over again.

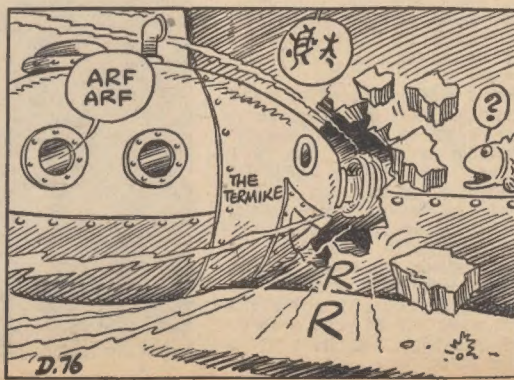
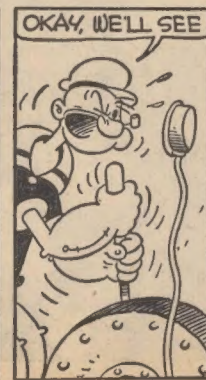
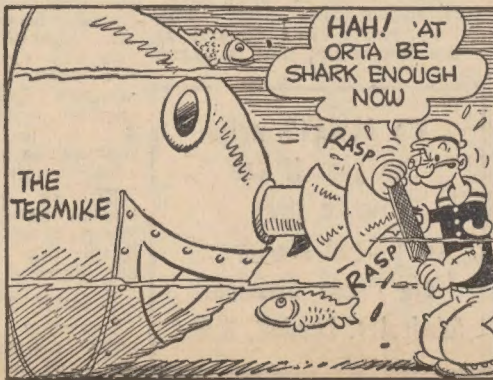
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# WANGLING WORDS—557

1. Behead a tree and get a piece of architecture.
2. In the following first line of a famous poem both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?  
**Coreshon het ti pureshes saw.**
3. What famous British painter has STA for the exact middle of his name.
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order:  
**The ship that I — — — the "Queen Mary."**

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 556

1. P-ants.
2. Write injuries in dust, but kindnesses in marble.
3. Guildford.

# JANE



# It's in the Bag

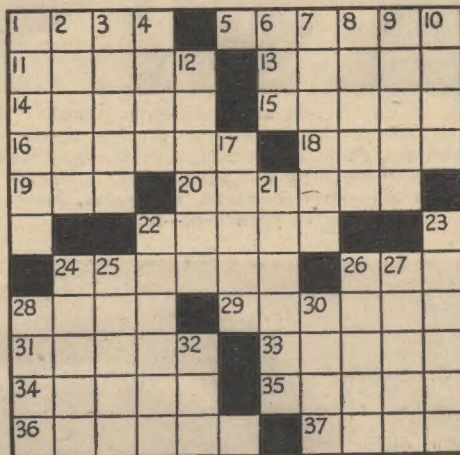
(Continued from Page 1) article you'll see I've talked through a reputable advertising agent. A final couple of tips: Avoid weeks when Bank Holidays occur; and remember "seasonal" ads.; Christmas time is good for novelty gifts; don't try to sell, say, special warm insoles in the summer. Right. Now for the last lap. **4. THE THINK BUSINESS.** Start on this: WHAT DO I SELL? Take a good look around. The war has ended. What's the market? Okay. Everything may be in short supply. But where do you come in? Your idea must be something—  
(1) That meets an existing demand, or for which the demand could be easily created;  
(2) That is preferably of small size (which means small postage costs) and that is non-perishable and non-fragile;  
(3) That preferably does not cost more than five bob or seven-and-six.  
If you look back in this

nothing missing there? Okay. Now that you've done the house, get into mental conversation with all the members of your family. What would the kid-brother just love to have? How about that SECRET model gun (just like the Navy has it). It HURLS its shells (made of wood, of course), etc., etc. And don't turn up your nose at the schoolboy trade. Ads. in the "Boys' Own Paper," "Champion," "Hotspur," etc., do a very good business. Price, of course, must be fairly low. And ads. for the kids must always be "priced."  
Well, don't end with the family. Think of your pals; think of the general public; think in terms of jobs that people do; think in terms of their hobbies; think in terms of their entertainments; think, think, think.  
And do your thinking in writing. Get a notebook. Jot down the results of your journey around the home, and so on. If you get an idea, note it down AT ONCE. It only takes a jiffy—and ideas that aren't noted down as soon as they appear have an uncanny habit of never

returning. And don't worry if the idea looks phoney. Ideas lead one to another. One step further on from a sloppy idea often produces the WINNER.  
So, keep that THINK BOOK going.  
I got a very valuable tip from the Spanish poet Juan Lorca, who was killed in the Civil War. To my mind, he was the finest poet this century has produced. He told me that he always looked upon ideas as "flechas"—which means arrows—pointing the way to the winning idea. Yes, there are winning ideas in poetry just as there are in trade.  
So don't be surprised if an idea you jotted down weeks before suddenly points to something really good when

you next look it up in your notebook. It's a way ideas have—they are "arrows of thought." So don't get downhearted if your first attempts don't seem so good. Keep it up.  
Because, in hard thinking, there's nothing that's ever a dead loss. Hard thinking always leads somewhere.  
And here's the best of all good luck to you in your efforts to find your own feet in the world of trade.  
If you want more advice, my address is:  
**Jack Trader,**  
c/o "Good Morning."

# CROSSWORD CORNER



## CLUES ACROSS.

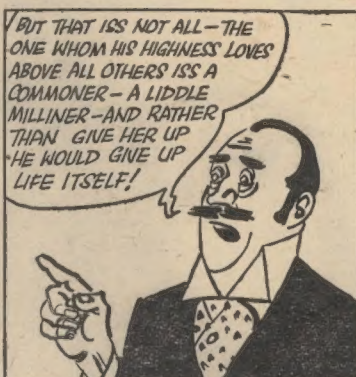
- 1 Shore powder.
- 5 Diminish.
- 11 Evidence.
- 13 Fruit.
- 14 Nimble.
- 15 Business.
- 16 Oxidised.
- 18 Sugar-coated.
- 19 Piano lever.
- 20 Account book.
- 22 Puzzle.
- 24 Parson.
- 26 Climber.
- 28 Support.
- 29 Claws.
- 31 Went fast.
- 33 Liking.
- 34 Silly.
- 35 Metal.
- 36 Dissolved.
- 37 Goes astray.

JOGS FIDGET  
BRIG TORSO  
COOLER DATE  
HEAVY POSE  
A TESTY PEG  
IS RE GP MI  
RID REMIT V  
MOWS EXUDE  
WINE SAILOR  
ELGIN NEIL  
BEARER SPEY

## CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Flashes.
- 2 Debate.
- 3 Loud.
- 4 Fool.
- 6 Have dinner.
- 7 Twigs.
- 8 Gap.
- 9 Tree.
- 10 Want.
- 12 Organ of touch.
- 17 Charge.
- 21 Old coins.
- 22 Be contrite.
- 23 Picture supports.
- 24 Bird.
- 25 Of place.
- 26 Problem.
- 27 Come in.
- 28 Formal.
- 30 Tardy.
- 32 Scottish river.

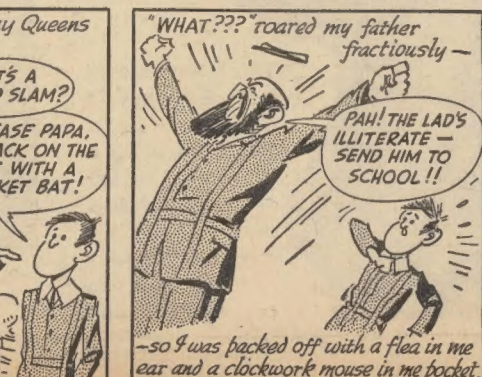
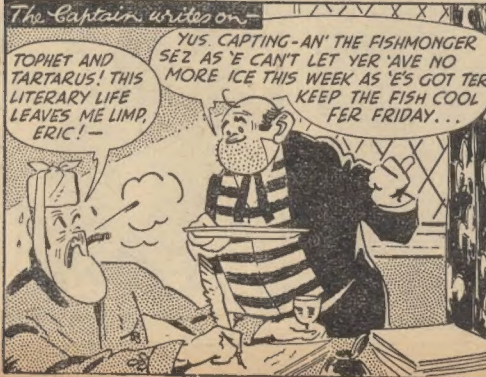
# RUGGLES



# GARTH



# JUST JAKE



# Tales of Taverns

## London's Pawnbroker Inn

WEIRD stories from the past are told of many of London's oldest inns. Some are a rich mixture of the bizarre, with pathos and an abiding faith. Only recently was a century-old custom discontinued in the "Widow's Son," a tavern near Bromley-by-Bow.

For a great many years a bundle of currant buns used to hang from the ceiling of the main room, another one being religiously added every Good Friday.

The first bun was hung by the widow, who loved her son. Unhappily, the son, though he requited his parent's affection, had an equal fondness for the sea. One day, never since forgotten by the mother, the son went aboard a ship, promising to return home by Easter.

He never came back, and his mother, believing him to have found some other land more to his liking, nevertheless lived in yearly expectation of his promised Easter Day home-coming.

Every Good Friday she laid the table, and when her son did not come she put aside a bun for him. When she died, neighbours collected the buns and hung them from a beam of the cottage. Later, a tavern was erected on the site, and a clause in the lease was that one more bun must be added to the bundle every Good Friday.

If you ever happen upon any of the old "Flask and Gate House" taverns, you can get an amusing kick from following the one-time custom to which every visitor to these houses had to subscribe—the "Highgate Oath": Never to kiss the maid if he could kiss the mistress, never to eat brown bread if he could get white, never to drink small beer if he could get strong.

Alone of all taverns in the land, the "Castle Inn," near Farringdon Street, has the distinction of a pawnbroker's licence. How so? Well, it happened that George III, not having the price of a drink when he was down that way, borrowed it from the innkeeper, leaving his watch as a pledge.

Every year, to commemorate the episode, the pawnbroker's licence has been renewed, and the familiar sign hung in the bar.



# Good Morning

THE "COME HITHER"  
A LA ASSAM



If you want "to make friends and influence people" in Assam you have to come armed with jewellery. And as there is no local Woolworth's, then you're in the position of the guy who used to sing "I can't give you anything but love, baby." Which puts you squarely behind the eight ball because, we guess, love's the only thing they've plenty of—baby!



This is Kaye Dowd and she sings in Columbia's "Carolina Blues." Another of those voices that whisper seductively in your ear of joys to come—we hope!



**MASTER MARINER FALLS EXHAUSTED AS VESSEL DOCKS.** This epic of the Round Pond was snapped in Kennington Park, London, during a heat wave. "Say, Skipper, if your Mum sees those wet pants, she might try fanning 'em dry!"

**THIS ENGLAND.** This is how it is when Spring comes to this island of ours. Yesterday, it was so cold that you wanted to stay in and keep the fire warm: to-day, there are voices everywhere that whisper seductively in your ear of half-forgotten joys to come. At least, in case you've never heard the voices, this is how it is when Spring comes to Chesham in Buckinghamshire.



We've noticed this sort of thing before—usually in the mess when chow was late. But we've never noticed any messmates of ours quite so appealing as this brood of young jackdaws.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Well, they certainly appeal to me."